

Announcements and Meetings Co-Night.

ROBERT OPERA HOUSE—“The Snow Flower.”
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unns of further investigations by TRIBUNE reporters. These reports have much interest and encouragement for Republicans, and we urge all to read them with care.

So General Hancock is said to have a third manifesto on the tariff ready, and his keepers are understood to be sitting upon the document in the hope of making it presentable. By all means, let us have it. No man living has a more picturesque assortment of views upon the tariff than General Hancock. Three weeks ago he was an avowed Revenue Tariff man; then he became an indelible but zealous Protectionist; afterward an incidental but patriotic Protectionist; and now it is said he is to declare, in substance, that he has kept all the commandments of Protection from his youth up. Meanwhile persons of a speculative turn of mind can try to imagine what General Hancock's letters must be before they have been revised by the Democratic managers.

Mr. Everts makes in the Brooklyn Academy of Music to-night his second speech of the campaign. The canvass has assumed almost a new phase since his memorable speech at the Cooper Institute was delivered, in which the thoughts then strongest in the minds of Republicans were set forth with such unerring logical skill, and the record of the Democracy was illuminated with a wit that captivated Democrats as well as Republicans. Since the October elections the tariff question has grown in importance every hour, and it is not unreasonable to expect that Mr. Everts, who always addresses himself to the vital point of the day, will have much to say upon this question which is agitating the workmen and manufacturers of every State. Whatever Mr. Everts says is as sound as it is brilliant, and his speech of to-night will no doubt be quite as effective in the November vote as the first speech was in the vote of October.

We believe the Republicans of this city can elect the next Mayor, if they take wise action. The Democratic party are in a state of strange demoralization. Indiana and Ohio discouraged them, and the frank admissions of one of their own organs that general defeat is dangerously near have filled them with anger and dismay. The factions have just emerged from a so-called union on local nominations, full of bitterness, and almost ready, even now, to fly at each other's throats. The time is ripe for a master-stroke in our local politics. Let the Republicans nominate a straight Republican for Mayor—such a man as Thomas L. James or any man whose name is a symbol of executive ability and personal purity—and he can be elected. Thousands of Irving Hall Democrats, disgusted with the trickery of which they have been made the victims in the name of harmony, would vote for him. Many of the better class of Tammany Democrats will vote for a man who would give us good government and reduced taxes. Many Democrats wear their allegiance lightly in local affairs, and would be glad of the chance to put a real representative of the taxpayers, and not of the tax-eaters, into the Mayor's chair. Such a result of the local elections would gladden the heart of every man who knows that his rent or his taxes are swollen to pay the salaries of Tammany Hall sinecurists. The tide is all with the Republican party, and it is rushing fast. This can be done; why not do it?

DEFEAT THAT BROUGHT VICTORY.
 Old politicians have remarked that in every Presidential campaign there is sure to be a reaction of some kind; a period of great elation of spirits being succeeded by one of corresponding depression, and following that still another reaction. It is a characteristic feature of all our sublimely contested campaigns that between August and November each party is pretty sure to have both ups and downs. If Vermont and Maine show results encouraging to Republicans in September, the October States are liable to give them a set-back in the shape of losses or reduced majorities, and put them more on their mettle for the contest in November. It does not seem possible for a party to march along with uninterrupted success, or without serious reverses, from beginning to end of a Presidential canvass. Political parties in this country are obstinate and plucky to the last degree. They sometimes fall back, but they never flee the field. They hold their lines with sullen determination and wait for chances to dash in and seize advantages which their adversaries, demoralized by victory, may leave open to them. It happens sometimes under these circumstances that success is a misfortune, and that a temporary check, which at the moment seems almost disastrous, is in the end of highest service to the imperilled cause. Bunker Hill and Bull Run were counted as defeats, but they were worth much more to the country than any victory at the time.

We had a sort of Republican Bull Run last month in Maine. The canvass had been, up to that time, so full of promise, affairs seemed going on so swimmingly everywhere, that we were all confident, and perhaps a little inclined to be boastful. Only a few keen, practical men appreciated the actual situation and realized the danger lurking in this over-confidence. All over the country the feeling was that the tide was so strongly in favor of the Republicans that success was sure, and there hardly remained a doubt of Garfield's election. And it was supposed that Maine, under this popular impulse, would lead off with large Republican gains and swing back to her old place among the absolutely certain Republican States. So we discounted Maine. It was a somewhat rare awakening from this over-confidence that we had the morning after the election. We had our reaction there and then. From the heights of elation and over-confidence many Republicans dropped in a moment to a corresponding depth of depression. But we struck bottom in a few hours and began again to rise. The darkest hour there has been or will be in this campaign was the day after the Maine election, when the Democrats were claiming 5,000 majority, the Legislature and four Congressmen.

They followed the Republican blunder and struck in at the top. We have seen how beautifully they have tapered off from the first claims. And no one doubts now, in the light of what has been done in Ohio and Indiana, that the temporary check in Maine was the best thing that could have happened at that stage of the campaign. It roused men to thinking. It set them to considering what would be the effect of Democratic success upon the business and the credit of the country. It alarmed business men, awakened the apathetic, stimulated those who had been over-confident to greater zeal, and was the means of a grand Republican uprising. In another way it did good. In the exhilaration of the hour the Democratic leaders, who are only dangerous when on a "still hunt," gave tongue and revealed themselves. They are beaten from the moment they unmask and begin talking. So the Maine election, which, if it had been the sweeping victory we hoped for, would have begotten over-confidence that would have soon degenerated into apathy, and left the October States exposed to the burrowing tactics of Mr. Barnum and his committee, injured after all to the advantage of the Republicans. It was a harsh shock, but there was great satisfaction in knowing that the bounce was over and we had struck hard. Out of the diligence it quickened, the zeal it renewed, and the activities it called into play, we have plucked the victories of October. Maine was an excellent quickener for us. It read us the old lesson, so necessary and so hard to remember, of the need of eternal vigilance. So now we have them on the run. October gives us our Five Forks. Yesterday in November is Appomattox Court House and the defeat—final, let us hope—of the Confederacy.

RESIDENCE AND REGISTRATION.
 Many inquiries reach us like the following: "To the Editor of the Tribune:—
 Sir: If a citizen removes from one county in this State to another, say two months before election, is he entitled to vote on the electoral ticket and State ticket? And if one removes from one town to another twenty days before election, is he entitled to vote any part of the county and assembly ticket?—he remains in the same Assembly District."
 J. A. S.
 Florida, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1880.

The notion which seems to be entertained by many persons that a voter in this State can have, under certain circumstances, the right to vote for one set of officers without being entitled to vote for all, is incorrect. The Constitution of the State, Art. II, Sec. 1, says:

Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for ten days, and an inhabitant of this State one year next preceding an election, and for the last twelve months a resident of the county, and for the last thirty days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident, and not elsewhere, for all officers that are now or hereafter may be elective by the people, and upon all questions which may be submitted to the vote of the people, provided that in time of war.

The right conferred by this section is not divisible. A citizen must have all these qualifications to vote at all. Having the right to vote at all, he has the right to vote for "all" officers, and "upon all questions which may be submitted to the vote of the people." A removal from one election district to another within thirty days of the election cuts off his vote as effectually as a removal from one county to another within four months of the election, or a residence in the State of less than a year. The question suggested by our correspondent respecting a removal from one part of an Assembly District to another must be governed by the circumstances; if the removal is within the boundaries of an election district, the voter retains his right to vote.

While upon this subject, THE TRIBUNE adds a warning to all Republicans in the interior of the State, where registration is proceeding under the new registry law for cities of 16,000 inhabitants and upward, to make sure that their names are on the roll. Friday, the 29th inst., is the only day for correcting or adding to the lists. Let no Republican neglect this important duty.

FIVE DOLLARS APIECE.
 Mr. Leonard W. Jerome is president of an association of Deputy Democrats, who have been cutting a ridiculous figure during the canvass by attempting, with sorry success, to masquerade as "Conservative Republicans." There may be a baker's dozen of them in all, and a more dismal detachment of soreheads never marched to defeat with any political party. Mr. Jerome is profoundly moved by the result of the Western elections. He breaks out in a proclamation addressed to the friends of General Hancock "and of the Constitution and the Union." A considerable majority of the friends of General Hancock have not been distinguished in the past for their devotion to the Constitution and the Union, but Mr. Jerome could not be expected to spoil his sonorous opening phrase on this account. The language of proclamations need not be too literal. He says "large bodies of fraudulent voters were shamelessly brought to the polls by the fraudulent managers" in Ohio and Indiana, and that "imported repeaters defrauded the people of Indiana of their free choice of rulers." How did Mr. Jerome learn this? Did he get his information from Mr. Barnum? That distinguished advocate of pure elections skipped back and forth between the two October States in a very lively manner, but we do not remember to have heard that Mr. Jerome volunteered to help carry the carpet-bag that contained the funds for the purchase of "steel rails." Probably Mr. Barnum has told him all about the election since he got back. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Jerome, however, to ask his informant what the Democrats in Ohio and Indiana were doing while the "Radicals" were bringing the fraudulent voters and repeaters to the polls. Did they stand by and see the illegal votes go into the boxes? Or were they so stupid that they did not know a bogus voter when they saw him? And what became of the \$600,000 Mr. Barnum disbursed in Indiana and the heavy sums he placed in the close Congressional districts in Ohio? Couldn't he hire any Democrats to watch the polls?

This talk of the October elections being carried by fraudulent voting is the cowardly whine of a beaten party. The fact is, the elections in both Ohio and Indiana were remarkably free from fraud. Both parties were thoroughly organized, and each watched the other so closely and guarded the polls with such vigilance that illegal voting was almost an impossibility. The Democrats spent a great deal of money importing gangs of ruffians from Eastern cities, and the Republicans were forced to bring on men who knew the faces of these fellows to act as detectives and block their game. Nothing was accomplished by the repeaters on election-day. As to the purchase of votes, there was undoubtedly a good deal of it done in Indiana, but they were Democratic votes and were bought by the Democratic managers. At almost every poll a number of Democrats sat on the fence until late in the afternoon, and had to be shown a \$5 bill before they could be persuaded to come down. The weakness of the Democrats lay in the fact that they had to hire their own men to vote their own ticket.

Mr. Jerome has a brilliant idea. He proposes to raise "a great popular fund for the defence of the polls" at the Presidential election. He calls upon "every man who can afford the sum of \$5 to send his money in at once. Mr. Charles J. Canda will hold the cash. We do not know who will hold Mr. Canda, but probably Mr. Jerome feels equal to the task. At a meeting of a Democratic committee in Maine last summer, it was proposed to raise a fund to bring home absent voters, at the average cost of \$25 a head. An eminent politician objected. "Twenty-five dollars apiece!" he exclaimed. "Thunder! Why, we can buy five 'votes right here at home with that amount of 'manner.' Mr. Jerome seems to agree with the

Maine statesman as to the price of a Democratic vote. No remittances of less than \$5 are wanted by him. We hope the money will be promptly contributed. Every Democrat who wants to pay \$5 to some other Democrat for voting for Hancock should make no delay. Messrs. Jerome and Canda's shop is at 138 Fifth-ave. Their commissions are no doubt moderate. The transfer of some thousands of \$5 bills from the pockets of Democrats who have money to those of Democrats who are impetuous, will be a good thing for trade. The business has a benevolent side to it. We hope it will move off briskly.

THE FROZEN SMILE.
 How queer a frozen smile looks! Particularly when it is on a great political party that's clamorously tickled to death over a piece of smartness that turns out suddenly not to be so smart. Here not ten days ago was the great Democratic party, with chalk in its hand and a guffaw broad as the continent on its face, writing up and down the land "329," and howling its red in the face over the stupendous funniness of it. Not that there's anything funny in the figures, or the suggestion they intend, but some people have a strange notion that if they keep saying anything—no matter what—it becomes funny by repetition. This kind of wit is cheap enough to be universal. It is the chief feature of some newspapers. But one morning, while these humorists were swinging their chalk on high, and the irresistible wit in the newspapers were just throwing themselves into convulsions over the columns of short paragraphs they were working up with "329" in each, there came some figures of vaster volume and more momentous sound out of two Western States. They arrested the arm of the chalker; the pen of the paragrapher stood still; the loose chin of the stump orator graced and stuck and stood still on its shambling hinge.

In an instant they all sat in the core and centre of a thousand Arctic winters; they congealed without a shiver. The peripatetic with his chalk, half bent to the sidewalk, over the unfinished "329"; the paragrapher with pen and pencil over his 329th "three twenty-n"; and the stump humorist cut off at "three" and "twenty" in the middle of his mirth; all stark and still with staring eyeballs and a frozen grin. Quicker spectacle! And will they ever thaw? Perhaps so, if we wait. And will they go right on from where they left off? Probably not. The peripatetic will more likely finish his "329" with a "2"; the paragrapher will state, not as a joke but as matter of news, that the thermometer has been standing at 329 degrees below zero; and the humorous stumper, as his jaw falls loose and he sees the returns, will finish his "three twenty-n" in German, with the rising inflection—"Nein!" And then perhaps somebody—Senator Randolph, for instance—will say: "This comes of Free Trade. We must come out for Protection—from the 'draft.'"

"Colonel" H. H. Hadley, the bogus Republican and bogus insurance manager and speculator, is making speeches in which he says "this is the first time in the history of the country that a man has been a candidate for President whose personal honor has been questioned